

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
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FIVE CENTS

BOATS IN A FOG

Sports and gallantries, the stage, the arts, the antics of dancers,
The exuberant voices of music,
Have charm for children but lack nobility; it is bitter earnestness
That makes beauty; the mind
Knows, grown adult.

A sudden fog-drift muffled the ocean,
A throbbing of engines moved in it,
At length, a stone's throw out, between the rocks and the vapor,
One by one moved shadows
Out of the mystery, shadows, fishing-boats, trailing each other,
Following the cliff for guidance,
Holding a difficult path between the peril of the sea-fog
And the foam on the shore granite.
One by one, trailing their leader, six crept by me,
Out of the vapor and into it,
The throb of their engines subdued by the fog, patient and cautious,
Coasting all around the peninsula
Back to the buoys in Monterey harbor. A flight of pelicans
Is nothing lovelier to look at;
The flight of the planets is nothing nobler; all the arts lose virtue
Against the essential reality
Of creatures going about their business among the equally
Earnest elements of nature.

Robinson Jeffers

DIRECTING THE FOREST THEATER PLAY

Denis d'Auburn has been connected with theaters of four countries. He has directed, acted, organized, and managed. He first appeared in London, on the stage of the "old Vic." Then came the interruption of Cambridge, and the war, in which Mr. d'Auburn had the distinction of being the youngest commander in the Royal Navy Air Service. After being invalided home, he was assigned to Lord Reading as aide, and his duties brought him to Washington.

In 1920 Mr. d'Auburn managed the Theatre des Vieux Colombiers in Paris, one of the most famous little theaters in the world, acting as well as directing.

In Berlin Mr. d'Auburn appeared in the productions of Max Reinhardt's "Grosse Schauspielhaus."

He was called from the London production of "The Jest" to join Reinhardt's cast of "The Miracle"; and later to play with John Barrymore in "Richard III." His favorite rôle is "Peter Ibbetsen" which he has played in London, Paris and on tour.



GEORGE
STERLING
sculpture by
RALPH
STACKPOLE

FANDANGO

The populace of Carmel-by-the-Sea is invited to a Spanish Fandango, whatever that is, on Saturday of this week, by the Park Planting Commission, of which Mrs. James Hopper is chairman. The party will begin at noon, with tamales, tortillas, and enchiladas, served hot and flanked by cool American iced drinks; and will continue all evening, dancing and flocks of unannounced surprises providing the lure. The music will be provided by a Spanish orchestra; and the townsfolk are invited to keep the feast in costume.

Profits of the day accrue to the park planting fund, and the party is appropriately thrown on the very site of the future park, at the foot of Ocean Avenue. The plans made by Mrs. Helen Deusner, landscape gardener, will be on view somewhere, to arrest the imagination with the promise of future such evenings of community play out-of-doors.

Carmel News . .

THE MODERN GYPSY

Half a dozen joyous young vagabonds alit last Monday from a house on wheels, big as a moving-van, and spilled themselves on the streets of Carmel. The Blanding Sloan puppeteers.

The Studio on Wheels had driven down from San Francisco for the week-end. It is equipped like a Pullman, with everything from kitchen to bunks,—and where it is all stowed away becomes mystery for conjecture when they invite you in, and nine of you are comfortably perched, and draped within.

With them were Wah Chang, young Inverarity, the painter, and of course the paterfamilias, Blanding Sloan himself,—at the wheel, in a vivid pink shirt.

The youngsters gave forth the easy charm of light-hearted irresponsibility. They were like a flock of birds over Carmel, parting and hovering and coming together lightly.

The Studio wheeled up Ocean Avenue to Edward Weston's; and out they all spilled again. Weston showed them his work; and they were silent with delight.

Blanding Sloan, whom we cornered for talk, showed, as soon as we mentioned puppets, the seriousness with which the group takes its work. Like the Hestwoods in New York, he has the intention of building a permanent repertory puppet theater, not for children, but for serious adult plays. "Hamlet," "The Emperor Jones," "Heavenly Discourse," have had their successful San Francisco runs. "Anna Christie" is next. On the very next evening, in fact, they must be back in town to play, the Architectural Club having bought out their house for the performance.

Blanding Sloan has interesting ideas about the puppet as a dramatic medium. Its impersonality, its abstractness, give it a peculiar appropriateness for use in the present period of culture. He would like to see permanent puppet theaters in the leading cities, in which serious plays are seriously produced.

WAR AND THE TIME SPIRIT

At the final meeting of the Women's International League for this season, Miss Clara Kellogg, at the Kellogg residence on Casanova, last Sunday evening discussed war as an anachronism in modern times. Modern science, the speaker pointed out, has made war so devastating in its possibilities that it is almost unthinkable. The Cleveland disaster of a few

weeks ago is almost a symbol. The two-hour war Stuart Chase recently described, devastating a country to the last leaf-blade, between meals, is a possibility. Since the rhythm of war is almost a war a generation, education is the central essential, that the facts of war may be understood early by those who make decisions of acceptance or of rejection of war in the future.

The evening became one of farewell for Miss Eunice Gray, until now secretary-treasurer for the Carmel Branch of the Women's International League, who brought to this remote fastness news of international conferences and discussions of which she has often been a part, and who now makes her departure from Carmel.

JOHN ROCKWELL SUFFERS INJURIES

John Rockwell, fifteen years old, is in the Carmel Hospital following an automobile collision. Riding last Saturday afternoon at San Antonio and Thirteenth with a group of boys including Harry Turner, Harold Toulett, and Dale Leidig, John on the running board, suffered a deep gash on the upper arm when the two cars crashed together. The boys hailed the car of a passing stranger, and bundled him in asking her to find the hospital for them, but lost their heads and failed to accompany him. As a consequence, John is suffering from loss of blood and will have to remain in the hospital for some time.

COLD TURKEY SANDWICH

A vivid color scheme of reds, and yellows characterizes the interior renovation by Mrs. Milton Latham of the building on Ocean Avenue formerly occupied by "Charles," (omen absit) and now to be known as the Carmeleta Inn.

To be opened during the first week of July, this newest of Carmel's luncheon places is being designed as a comfortable retreat wherein to chat and dine. Booths and decorative tables are being installed. Serving dinners, luncheons and teas, Carmeleta Inn will also cater to the peninsula in the matter of salads, cold meats, and other dishes.

GIRL SCOUTS' FOOD SALE

There will be a sale of home made cookies, cake, tea cakes, rolls, orange bread, baked beans, salads, etc., at the Girl Scout House Saturday morning, June twenty-ninth, opening at 10:00 o'clock. Those who bought food at the last Girl Scout Food Sale will need no second invitation to come again.

The money earned at this sale will go toward the Scout Director's salary.



Lincoln Steffens and his son Pete.

Pete will accompany his mother, Ella Winter, to England this summer, rejoining his father in the fall.

IN PERPETUO

The Governor has, at the request of Assemblyman Ray De Yoe, appointed a commission on historical monuments in Monterey, including the old Customs House. This group, which is made up of Carmel Martin, Jo Mora, Allen Griffin, Laura Bride Powers, Grant Towle, and Joseph Alvis, will consult with the state director of finance at Sacramento.

This committee has hope of opening the Custom House to the public on the seventh of July. This is a historic date for Monterey. It marks the beginning of events, including the raising of the stars and stripes on the old federal building, which gave to the United States the entire empire of the Pacific. The immediate result of this was to shoo off the British admiral who sailed into Monterey Bay a few days later, and prevent him from hoisting the Union Jack over the old Mexican capital of California. An appropriate date for the opening.

NEWS

The news of the week is . . . June.

Days perfect as an unflawed diamond. First warm, "unusual," with inland Californians flocking to us on the coast, reporting sunstroke on the way.

Light frocks; men in linens with collars turned down; the beach strewn with children and bright color; gardeners hosing grateful gardens; summer visitors ubiquitous, breezily enjoying the superlative beauty we here take for granted. Lovers strolling. Mothers and children. Cars down on the Point at sunset.

The news of the week is . . . June.

Personal Bits . . .

Mr. W. O. Bardarson, principal of the Sunset School, is successfully recuperating at the Carmel Hospital from the operation he underwent very suddenly last week. It may be that he will still be able to complete his work at Stanford this summer for his doctor's degree in philosophy.

For twenty years Professor Karl Rendtorff and his family have been spending vacations in Carmel. Now, Dr. Rendtorff having retired from the Department of German at Stanford, of which he was head for thirty-six years, the family are establishing a permanent home in their cottage on North Camino Real.

Miss Rendtorff was given her master's degree at Stanford this month; and in the fall will begin her teaching in the Department of German at the Junior College at Bakersfield.

Brett Weston, whose recuperation from his leg fracture of last spring has cost him many weeks of disciplined idleness, has driven south with his brother Chandler to spend the summer in Los Angeles.

Helen Deusner invited a flock of friends to tea on Sunday afternoon to meet, or meet again, her friend Mrs. Carl Howenstein of Los Angeles. While the polite conversation waged on the veranda, Dick Deusner, aged eight or thereabouts, from the coign of vantage which the roofridge affords the nimble, surveyed the scene, and received sugar-lumps with agility.

Ethel Newcomb, a favorite pupil of Letchitzky, is here in a cottage on Lincoln for the summer. To her come piano pupils from San Francisco, Canada, and elsewhere. Her gifted pupil Harold Griffin has already been heard in recital in Carmel, and there is a plan for a two-piano recital by Miss Newcomb and Mr. Griffin in July.

Among the many people arriving in Carmel these days from New York, Hawaii, and points north, south, east and west, on their way to the National Conference of Social Work this week in San Francisco, is Dr. Carol Aronovici, well known to Carmel, who is to deliver two lectures at the conference, one on city, and one on regional, planning.

Myrtokleia, former proprietor of The Telegraph Hill Tavern, and dulcet representative of San Francisco's young Bohemia is with us in Carmel.

On the verge of departure for the east, where she goes as Dean of Women at Illinois College, Eunice Gray last Friday afternoon was hostess at a garden party. Within the radius of a great oak tree, and shaded from the brilliance of the longest day in the year, many friends came to etch a decorative and memorable embroidery against the leafy background. There sat Mary Bulkley, officiating at the tea table, a monument to youth and age. The, technically, younger generation sat on pine needles at her feet; and the youngest generation of all foregathered on a branch of the oak, deeply absorbed.

To her charm as an object of decoration which has been one of Miss Gray's contributions to the life of Carmel, Miss Gray added the more poignant "preciousness" of impending departure. Miss Gray is leaving this week by motor through the Canadian Rockies to Chicago.

Peter Friedrichsen, whose work in lighting and design was once the aid and comfort of Denny and Watrous in their administration of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, spent the week-end here. When the death of the Golden Bough,—or shall we call it the temporary suspended animation?—left Carmel empty of opportunity for his particular gifts, he went to the studio of Rudolph Schaeffer in San Francisco, where he remained until the Exhibit of Modern Decoration, which Schaeffer directed in San Francisco, was over. Since then he has been freelancing, creating modern posters, wall hangings, and other modern work of commercial use.

Cornelis and Jessie Arms Botke, long beloved in Carmel, have moved from Los Angeles to Wheeler Canyon, Santa Paula, California.

During these last, these very superior, days, the Blackman tribe, as they affectionately call themselves, have been down the coast at their lodge on the Big Sur.

Also the Joseph Hartleys, together with Mary Bulkley, motored into the blue in the same direction.

painting by
the boy Wah
C h a n g



DEVASTATING DEPARTURES

Both the Parent-Teachers' Association and the Girl Scouts of Carmel will suffer grievous losses this summer, when six of their leaders make their various departures. Mrs. Florence Spoehr will leave for Palo Alto when the Carnegie Coastal Laboratory is transferred there from Carmel. Mrs. Helen Deusner is shortly to transfer her landscape design studios to San Francisco. Mrs. Lee Kellogg also leaving for Palo Alto, has already been the guest of honor at farewell parties. Mrs. Newmark and Mrs. McLeish of both the Scout organization and the P. T. A., and Mrs. James Smith of the P. T. A., will be much missed.

CALLING THE BLUFF

"Well, we're off," they waved in goodbye, one day last spring. "We'll be back to Carmel to visit you for a week or two next summer."

"No, don't," we hastily put forth. "It's always foggy here then."

They arrived last Saturday for a fortnight's stay, joyously hooting "Aha, we suspected it. We've brought a steamer trunk and four suitcases this time."

A GIFTED BOY

Wah Chang has been in Carmel this week.

A frail and very solemn Chinese boy of about eleven,—a gifted painter, we are told. Exhibitions of his work, oil and water color, in San Francisco, have called forth the praise of seasoned critics.

Now he is at the Duveneck School, in Palo Alto, chosen because of the creativeness it encourages in youngsters. But the impulse to paint has suddenly and unaccountably gone, the tide of creative forces caught in some unknown undertow, or finding its way out into, design and building of a motor boat or in the study of bugs. The remarkable boy is however urgently watched by the eyes of wisdom; and Wah Chang, silent, observant, and almost humorously aloof, moves on toward a future of promise.

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The Arts . . .

HOUSING FOR ARTISTS

A project of a new type is underway in San Francisco,—a residence studio building ten storeys high, to be built on Montgomery Street, with units purchasable at low rental rates,—cooperatively.

This does not mean standardization, however. Each studio is to be built subject to the individual requirements and design of its future owner. The problem of north light will be solved by terracing. Each storey is set back further than the one below, leaving a terrace of translucent glass as ceiling for studios below.

The project involves a building and land expenditure of some four hundred thousand dollars. Mildred Taylor, who is one of the group initiating the idea, comments that it is easier to find four hundred thousand dollars for such a purpose than it is to raise five hundred dollars for a smaller cause.

It is rare for a thing of this sort to be undertaken by artists, who are notoriously bad organizers of their ideas, and are therefore the victims of the tastes of other temperaments. These artists have chosen even their own architect,—Mr. W. I. Garren, whose interesting and contemporary attitude *The Carmelite* discussed in a recent issue.

Studios are already being assigned, even before ground is broken for the building; and a group of extraordinary interest is already assembling itself.

There will be a theatre in the building, Blanding Sloan's, to be used not only for puppet productions, but also for showings of moving pictures, like "Hollywood Extra 2415," which is made and intended for small highly selective audiences. The concentration of so many creative activities within one center means an increase of intensity in production and in the play among adventurous minds.

A LETTER FROM HENRY COWELL

I am on this day returned from Russia, where I had a wildly interesting time. I was fascinated by the conductorless orchestra, and found the original version of Moussorgsky's opera "Boris Gudnoff" (the one given in the United States is orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakoff) to be much stronger than the watered-down version to which we are accustomed. I found, also, that it forshadowed, even more than we have thought, the modern school of composition.

The musical acousticians are very active in Moscow, and have developed a direct proof of the physical existence of under-

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tones, which have until now been thought to be theoretical. They have also a new notation of folk-music, based on a photograph of the vibrations; it is much more accurate than any previous form of notation.

Concerning my own activities, I played first in Moscow a large concert in the home of Mme. Kamenova (sister of Leon Trotsky); then a concert at the Conservatory of Moscow for the students and professors; and, lastly, a large open concert at the hall of the house of art-workers. There was more unbounded enthusiasm on the part of the audience than I have ever received anywhere else. Two of my works, "Lilt of the Reel" and "Tiger", have been accepted for publication by the music publishing division of the Soviet Government.

In Leningrad I played a concert at the Institute for the History of Arts, before a highly receptive and intelligent audience made up of musical theorists, scientists, students of music and critics.

A RUSSIAN PLAY AT BLANDING SLOAN'S

The world, fifty thousand years from now, progressing at our present rate of inventive and mechanical speed, is the theme for the next offering to be shown at the Blanding Sloan Puppet Theater Club on Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

"The Sky Girl," by Ivan Narodny, Russian poet and painter is to have its premier on the Western Coast in the little Montgomery Street Playhouse in July.

This play is unusually well adapted to the medium of puppets by its simplicity and abstraction, and like the much admired and censored "Heavenly Discourse," the stage version of the book by Charles Erskine Scott Wood, deals with earthly matters in a pungent and entertaining manner.

Scenery painted in light, by means of the Orchestrocula, and moving pictures projected from an unseen source into the air, are only a few of the methods used to create this unique and entertaining composite of the real and the unreal.

The Studio Workshop Gallery where the stagecraft is done, is crowded with the fantastic sets, and with the puppets to be used. These puppets range in material from the beautiful carved wood of the earth characters, to the character of the Secretary of Energy of the mechanical world. Conceived and born from Woolworth's best in the way of strainers, percolators, and other tinware. All to be blended in the magic of lighting and staging characteristic of the productions of this little theater, into a thing of imagery and beauty.

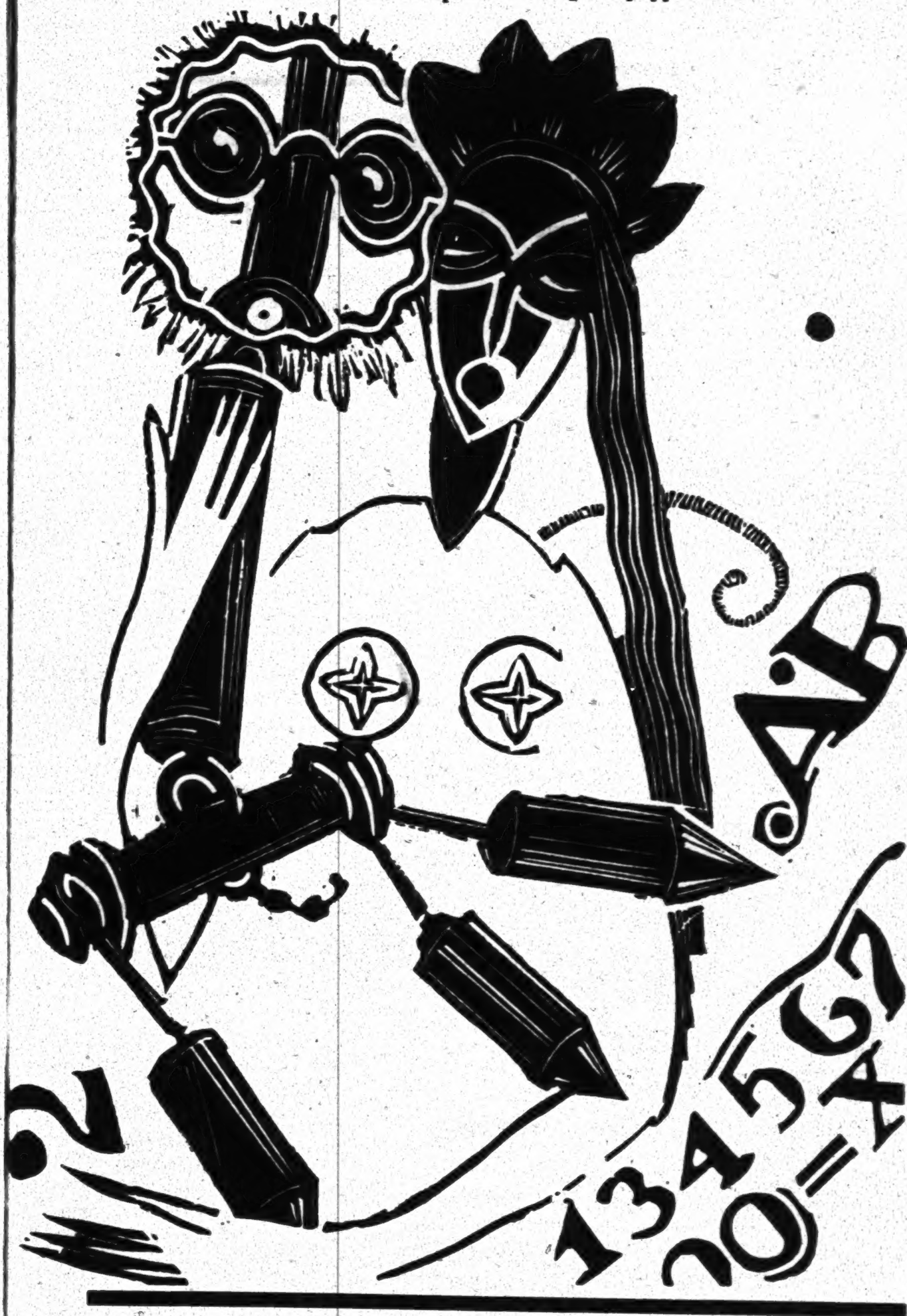
Two new members of the cast are Dana Willson, San Francisco artist and writer, and R. Bruce Inverarity, Seattle painter

who has been exhibiting paintings, pastels, and wood blocks in the Workshop Gallery. Some of his revolutionary experiments in the projection of color and form by means of light are being used in this production for the first time.

Alberte Spratt

Telluria, the Astral Joy Girl and her Mechanical Boy Friend.

Lineoleum cut by Blanding Sloan, illustrating the puppet show.



A REALIST'S CHOICE

God, let me write no saccharine words
That nicely rhyme;
I would not pretend that life was such
A tuneful time.

Let me write sonorous, virile words
Robust and strong;
Only then might I deface the lies
That lurk in song.

—Anton Gail

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OF THE
GOLDEN
BOUGH



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World News . .

GASTONIA, N. C., IN THE AGE OF PROSPERITY

The textile workers of Gastonia, North Carolina, have been striking against the most miserable conditions and low wages ranging from eight to twelve dollars weekly with sixty to seventy-two hours work.

When these workers came out on strike in April, the state immediately brought the National Guard on the scene to intimidate the strikers and force them back into the mills. Failing in this the militia was withdrawn and in its place came the regular company of thugs and gunmen that are employed in every strike and who cooperate with the police in framing up strikers.

Then came the smashing up of the relief store and the complete demolition of the union headquarters, which were both looked upon by the guardsmen without interference.

And with this came serious threats and attempts of lynchings to the union organizers, the representatives of the International Labor Defense and of those in charge of the relief work.

Every possible means was used to provoke the strikers into acts of violence for which they could be prosecuted and framed up.

The city policemen of Gastonia, upon the direct orders of the mill owners, attacked the workers' headquarters and their tent colony, fired shots into the tents, where women and children were sleeping and began shooting at the strikers and beating them with guns. In the struggle which followed, Chief of Police Aderholt was killed, and three city policemen were wounded. The first to fall wounded in the attack of the policemen was an organizer for the N. T. W. U., Joseph Harrison.

The Southern mill owners are determined to drive the union out of the South. The 300,000 textile workers of the South receiving an average wage of eight to ten dollars a week, working on a twelve hour day shift, suffering an intense speed-up system, working and living under indescribably unsanitary conditions, revolted and went on strike.

In the course of the ten weeks strike in Gastonia, hundreds have been arrested. A masked mob of two hundred thugs, which included special deputies, demolished the headquarters of the union, while the National Guardsmen called out by the mill-owning Governor, Max Gardner, looked on. Strikers have been bayoneted almost daily, beaten up, shot at and arrested. Old women have been unmer-

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cifully beaten. One hundred fifty strikers' families were evicted from their homes and thrown with their furniture upon the streets. The City Council passed an ordinance making it a crime for the strikers to walk on the streets of the city. The mill owners' press has daily shrieked for the blood of the strike leaders and has openly advocated that they be lynched.

*These are the facts as presented by the International Labor Defense, at 50 East Eleventh Street, New York City, which is conducting the defense of the strikers and is in need of immediate funds for its work.

I do not doubt them. I myself have been witness of similar violence and lawlessness by industrial owners in cooperation with the police. In the winter of 1916, for example, there was a strike of garment workers in the city of Chicago. They asked that the factories in which they were employed give them working conditions similar to those under which the owners and workers of the firm of Hart, Schaffner & Marx were prospering.

It was a long strike, in the dead of cold winter. The strikers used to come to their morning union meetings cold and blue,—no fuel at home, little food, and no money for clothing,—to hearten themselves for the long pull. They were mostly Jewish, and flaming with Hebraic idealism for "the movement."

Several of us, social workers at Hull House, learning that the strikers were suffering threats and violence by the police,—went down and joined the picket lines. These were diminishing through the intimidations of the police. Picketing consisted in walking quietly along the street in groups of two or three, as a reminder to the strike-breakers inside of the meaning of the thing. There was no attempt on the part of the strikers to cause disturbance of any kind. Not even a handbill might be given out.

I myself joined two young women who were timidly walking up and down in front of a big factory. Although we were the only picketers there, a police sergeant and a half dozen men were on hand to see that we committed no breach of the law. They had a patrol wagon in readiness at the side of the building. Three thousand arrests had already been made.

When we had been walking quietly for some time, the sergeant came up to us, took me roughly by the arm, (I being the nearest) and said, "You can't walk up and down like that. You'll have to go all the way around the block."

"Is that a requirement by City Ordinance?" we asked.

"No, but you'll have to because I say so."

"If it is required by law we will do so," said we (or rather, I) and we went on.

When we returned four policeman came up to us, arrested us, and escorted us to the patrol wagon. As we climbed aboard the police were just shoving in a little Jew of about sixty, an old man very much frightened, whose head they had just cut open.

We were taken to the Maxwell Street jail, where I heard from the lips of the sergeant at the desk such words as sere the decent mind. We were all put into a cell, whose walls and bench were such that I would not have touched one with even my hand. The plumbing consisted of an open sewer, a groove in the concrete floor, which passed along the length of the cell block.

One of the two arrested with me, turned out to be a social worker sent to the scene of the strike as an investigator by the State Department of Public Welfare.

When it was learned who we were we were released. As we left the building, the salacious mouthings of the other prisoners still a horror to us, we heard the newsboys calling the headlines of the Chicago Tribune, "Two Murdered by Strikers."

The truth was, as every one knew, that they were two strikers who had been killed,—and not by their own people.

p. g. s. (editor)

PENNSYLVANIA STILL HAS ITS COAL AND IRON POLICE

Pennsylvania still retains the worst features of its coal and iron police despite Governor Fisher's "regulations" for the newly created "industrial" police, declared W. Ellison Chalmers, of the executive committee of the Pittsburgh Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, in a statement issued on behalf of the committee.

"The regulations" issued by Governor Fisher for the industrial police, "Mr. Chalmers' statement reads, "are the final step in the betrayal of the people of Pennsylvania. They do not in any sense correct the evils of the system which Governor Fisher himself characterized as 'vicious', and the fact remains that the authority of the coal and iron police has been widened and enlarged.

"It is a mistake to assume the regulations confine the police to company property. The new rule reads 'confine their activities to the protection of the property.' This can only mean that on the assumption they are protecting company property they may roam over the entire state, as the Mansfield bill actually allows them.

"These regulations fail utterly to protect peaceful citizens against a recurrence of the Barkoski outrage. Neither the re-

quirements of uniforms, of numbering, or of monthly reports, had they been in force, would have prevented the murder. And the right to revoke commissions, though it has always been held by the governor, has never been used to enforce a high standard among the coal and iron police.

"Moreover, in electing to sign a bill which widened police powers and then issuing regulations, Governor Fisher has chosen a method dangerous for the citizens who must come under the dictation of the police. Had these regulations been written into law, at least these few restrictions would be legal and acts committed in violation thereof could be punished."

AN ORGANIZATION FOR LIBERALS

The Civil Liberties Union, of which Austin Lewis is committee chairman for northern California, is an organization of liberals interested in the maintenance of freedom of speech, conscience, and the press. Roger Baldwin is its national executive. It is active in the presentation of the Mooney case. It has been concerned with incidents of suppression and the imprisonment of men and women for their political convictions or affiliations.

The Carmelite heartily recommends affiliation with it by all of its readers. Membership can be had by writing direct to Austin Lewis, Civil Liberties Union, Mills Building, San Francisco, or through The Carmelite office at which membership cards can be obtained. Membership by the way has no specific fee as its passport, although the inclusion of any sum large or small, is of course what will aid the Union in becoming more widely effective.

COLONIAL HORIZONS

The second Congress of the League Against Imperialism and for The Independence of Colonies will be held in Berlin, Germany during the week of the twentieth of July, under the leadership of Henri Barbusse the French liberal and literateur.

In the second year of its existence this league has received the suport of many far-seeing groups and organizations throughout the world, including India, Persia, the Philippines, Tunisia, South Africa etc. Latin America has also lent its support.

As we look over the list of delegates we find names of writers, artists, liberals devoting their energies to great international reforms, and pacifists, from Diego di Ribera to Roger Baldwin.

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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

Carol Aronovici	Anne Martin
Austin Lewis	Dora Hagemeyer
Stanley Wood	D. Rudhyar
Ray Boynton	Edward Weston
Richard Neutra	G. E. Scheyer

STAFF ARTIST: Virginia Tooker

MANAGER: J. A. Coughlin

Editorial . . .

Plans for the summer of 1929 in Carmel present a sharp contrast with activities of last summer here. Remember the first days of the Carmel Playhouse? The copping of dates for production by the Golden Bough, the Carmel Playhouse, and the Forest Theater simultaneously? And how some people in Carmel went down Ocean Avenue on one side, while others walked on the other, in order to avoid speaking to one another? The three theaters represented respectively the high-brows, the lowbrows, and the old-timers irrespective of elevation. The Golden Bough under the magnificent direction of Morris Ankrum, with Hazel Watrous and Dene Denny as lessees, produced works of art finely, and failed to make expenses. (Aha, too high-brow, crowed the low-brows.) The Carmel Playhouse produced witty comedies, and met equally hard times. (You see? Nodded the high-brows sagely.) The Forest Theater produced Shakespeare, and John Jordan reached his hand down deep in his pocket to make up the deficit. (Well naturally, shrugged the rest . . . if there is going to be a theater on every corner in Carmel . . .)

So Carmel learned its lesson, surrendered the Golden Bough to the purveyor of commercial amusement, and suffered starvation. Not only have we suffered the lack of fine plays; but we have missed also the activity of their production,—the group production of a work of art. And we have missed coming together at the Golden Bough to see, hear, enjoy, and criticize.

Only the Music Society has provided us this peculiar delight of reunion,—one of

the pleasantest things in the life of a small community.

The production of Rostand's "The Romancers" on the Fourth at the Forest Theater therefore finds us hungry.

SHOOTING WITH "TWENTY TWOS"

Down on the Point there are residents complaining.

You stand in your garden admiring your hollyhocks, and suddenly a shrill sound whistles past your ear. Boys down by the river with their rifles. "Twenty-twos," some of them. At close range, you can lay a deer low with a "twenty-two."

While any casualties due to play on the Point with "twenty-twos" will be accidental, still there are residents who prefer that the boys do their aiming out on the beach, with floating bottles as targets in the sea.

THE NECESSARY PATCHWORK OF SOCIAL SERVICE

This is the week of the National Conference of Social Work, held in San Francisco for the first time in forty years. It will be a gathering of constructive minds and active doers in the many fields of social service from many countries of the world, from Japan westward. The mingling is an extraordinary one,—from Ray Lyman Wilbur, to Jack Black, professional burglar, who has come at the invitation of Dean Kirchwey of the Columbia Law School to speak before the section on Crime and the Criminal. Grace Abbott, head of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor at Washington, will present her penetrating facts. Jessie Binford of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago; Dr. Miriam van Waters, California's outstanding Juvenile Court referee; Paul Kellogg, editor of the "Survey,"—these and very many more make up a program from which one must choose deliberately, there is so very much in the twelve divisions on Labor, Unemployment, Immigration, and many social questions.

The editor of The Carmelite will be in San Francisco for the first four days of conference, and urges all others interested in professional discussion of social problems and their solution, to take the same opportunity. "Social work," it is of course true, is at best a patchwork upon the body of a society ill of its own poor organization. The Delinquent, the Dependent, the Defective, these are its immediate subject matter. Social work is the attempt to heal a sick society. It is therefore heartening that the discussions of social workers are less and less concerned with Christmas baskets for the

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poor; and more with the causes which bring on poverty and dependence.

We may be sure, for instance, that this conference will give a very active consideration of the Machine Age together with its accompanying displacements in industry, its unemployment, its requirement of a vast readjustment on the part of millions of human beings.

Philanthropy may be the prayer-beads by fumbling with which the wealthy man tries to ease his conscience before God . . . (the Rockefeller Foundation; Carnegie libraries; the Pittsburgh foundation, gift of mine owners); and the continued need for "philanthropic" activities is in itself an indictment of the economic system headed by the Gays and the Mellons. But while the system endures, we shall need these surgeons, the social workers, to sew up the gashes. And while these surgeons patch and sew, they think on the causes of catastrophe.

Correspondence

To the Editor of
The Carmelite:

You're perfectly right; if people who have no children want a divorce, it is up to the better endowed parent economically,—usually, in our civilization, the father,—to support them. But in fairness you should have said that I made that point quite clear, both in my original article and in the letter printed recently. My chief objection is to alimony paid to childless, healthy, women . . .

Yours . . .

Miriam Allen de Ford.

(Editorial Note: Another point made by a reader of last week's article on "Heroism and Alimony" was the need of a new word to take the place of the objectionable one "alimony," whose implications are offensive. We do need a word to name the subsidy which either parent in a separated family provides for children of the marriage.)

* * *

To the Editor
of The Carmelite

This is what Waldo Frank, in his new book "The Rediscovery of America," writes of "Gods and Cults of Power." (I send it to you because of its relation to your comment last week on Community Chests):

"Humanitarianism, Official Charity, etc: these with us are cults of power, and peculiarly vicious. In no other country are they made so much of. They are parasites of the cult of Success. Organized Charity is the spectacular means of keeping your less fortunate neighbor in your power, and your conscience in trim. To practise it in 'Drives' and 'Federations'

is an old oblique way of placarding your (financial) goodness. Humanitarianism is the reverse of humanism. It connotes a complacent condescension to your fellows; you wish men well as long as they do not outstrip you. But humanism wishes men well only so far as they aspire to an exalted standard. In a herd without hierarchic values all men as potential rivals are turned against all men. The salve of this coarse obsession is humanitarianism. If you are so unfortunate as to beat your neighbor, publicly you shake his hand; if you are beaten you disguise the fact by shaking his hand still harder. This is the essence of the thing. It will go any length, within the realm of gesture."

FROM BAD TO WORSE

Two weeks ago The Carmelite published an article on Bad Art, in which it alit with special violence upon an illustrative example, a little poster designed by students of Roi Partridge at Mills College. The selection of this example has caused more stir than we intended. We could as well,—or shall we say, better?—have lit upon examples of Bad Art in The Carmelite itself, and of our own design. Perhaps it is the instinct of the journalist when he wishes to make a negative point, to make his attack at the sources and centers of authority. Roi Partridge is teaching in the Art Department at Mills College; and when his students produce something which violates principles we find basic in our time, we attack him,—because he is one of those of whom we should expect the truth.

There was an element of false proportion in that article of ours, however. The poster is bad relatively only to basic principles of modern design to which we assume Mr. Partridge himself highly sensitive.

Now he protests against our attack as an "obstacle to development of the arts which we are both working for," and The Carmelite suffers from the embarrassment of noting that it has shot, not at an enemy or even a false prophet, but at a brother.

Brotherlike, Mr. Partridge points out to us the bad typography, the bad illustrations, even the letterheads, of The Carmelite. Obviously, the question that asks itself at this point is, If we know so much that we can call his work bad, why don't we design much better ourselves? At the Tu Quoque, The Carmelite must retire in confusion, until it has reached in its own case that mastery of the arts of line and space proportion, and that freedom of choice with regard to the publication of reproductions, that it is in itself an accomplished and flawless work of art. Mr. Partridge finds it unfortunate and unhappy that we should take advantage of our ready means for publicity, to impute to him a lack of understanding of the necessity for the highest and purest stand-

ards in modern art. This would of course be shameful to us. We do heartily recognize the work of Roi Partridge as valuable and sincere. If we had not, we should not have troubled to smite it so vigorously.

THE ACTORS' EQUITY AND THE 'TALKIES'

There is a great commotion in Hollywood. The Actors' Equity, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, is taking a hand in the matter of the treatment of actors working in the "talkies."

The many abuses in matters of hours, the handling of salaries during periods of intermittent employment, and other matters having to do with the welfare of the actors, are the subjects under discussion.

The newspapers of the movie metropolis are giving much space to these interviews which are embellished with pictures of these glib and satisfied luminaries of the silver screen whose physical form invariably surpasses their literary form.

It is a fine display of the freedom of the press in the City of the Angels and of its movie and vitaphone suburb. Many of the actors loyal to the cause of their organization are bound to pay dearly for their sense of justice, while others may secure antedated contracts which will give them good jobs while remaining in good standing with the organization.

FREEDOM

My life is like a leaf;
I do not brood upon my wounds,
I do not feel my yoke;
All human words are lost in the air . . .
My soul is like a buoyant flower
That whispers o'er distant seas.
I am athirst for speed
In the ocean of space,—
And the wings of the mind deliver
My senses to the heavens,
Poignant with blue,
Embroidered with thrones of clouds . . .
The heavens hear my ardent message
But do not answer; their kingdom is silence.
And I become but a monument of breath
Dispersed in amber twilight.

Virgilio Luciani



ARCHITECTURAL
SCULPTURE
Fountain by
RALPH
STACKPOLE



"GALLOPING HORSE AND WOMAN RIDER," painted through pure imagination and without instruction, by a 10-year-old girl pupil of Mme. Galka E. Scheyer.

courtesy of the San Francisco Examiner.

FREE, IMAGINATIVE AND CREATIVE WORK IN DRAWING AND PAINTING

by Madame Galka E. Scheyer

(The author of this article is European representative of the Oakland Art Gallery and Art Director of Anna Head School at Berkeley. The substance of these paragraphs was delivered at the International Congress of Art Education at Prague, following which the American Federation of Arts sponsored the European tour of children's paintings done under the direction of Madame Scheyer. Columbia University announces an exhibition of the work upon its return from Europe, and the Japanese government desires it. The work at the Anna Head School done by students of Madame Scheyer has been on exhibit in galleries and museums in San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Los Angeles, San Diego, and Portland.)

Somewhere Oscar Wilde has said, that in the beginning children love their parents and their educators; then they hate them; and sometimes they grow to pardon them.

During a childhood filled with the conventional amount of scolding and regulating and criticism, my friends and I felt that we must be particularly dreadful to warrant so much critical direction. It was only after much childish bewilderment and introspection that the idea dawned on us that perhaps grown-ups had forgotten how they felt as children. We wrote in our diaries the resolution that we would always read back in our own journals how we felt so that we would not misunderstand our own children.

The first thing to be done is to give your child confidence in himself.

How to do this?

One child will say, "I can't draw,—not even a straight line," (a grown-up phrase).

"Why," I reply laughing, "anybody can draw a straight line,—with a ruler! Why not draw a crooked line?"

"Yes, that's much more amusing," says the child, and proceeds to make a beautiful snake-line all over the page.

* * *

What does "Art" mean in a schoolchild's life? I should like to omit that hackneyed word, if I could; it has such an important, awe-inspiring, sound. I would rather say that the child is a work of art himself. We teachers have the responsibility of seeing that he shall remain a work of art, and develop in harmony with the living process of self-expression.

Art is A Manifestation Of The Understanding Of Life.

Let us allow the child to manifest himself, to express his personal truth of life. We must give him freedom to express himself. We must stand aside and help, only when help is needed, in order that his deeper understanding of life may grow unhampered; that he grow not for art's sake, but for life's sake.

Free, imaginative, and creative work encourages in the pupils spontaneous self-expression in painting, singing, acting, dancing, building, modelling, or cutting in wood, stone, etcetera. In experimenting for themselves they discover their

true paths. Instead of crippling themselves with constant repressions which break out in dangerous destructive actions on the one hand, or tend to deaden their possibilities and take away the chance to develop into finer instruments for Life's purpose, on the other, they can sublimate their instincts to the benefit of humanity. This is not a new idea; educators said long ago that if the boy Schiller, under the iron rod of the Prussian School of Cadets, had not written his drama, "The Robbers," he might not have become a robber himself.

I have learned a great deal by visiting experimental public and private schools all over the country. At the Walden School in New York under the leadership of Florence Cane I saw free work of children up to fourteen years of age as well as similar work by the teachers themselves. The latter impressed me greatly, for I believe that all schools would profit if their teachers were permitted to exchange their experience with other schools.

In the Anna Head School in Berkeley, California, the pupils do with me "Free, Imaginative, and Creative Work." The grades one to eight have forty minutes once a week. The High School girls up to the age of twenty years have two hours once a week.

* * *

Many teachers claim that older children have no creative imagination, especially in the age of adolescence.

Personally, I find their work to be the most fascinating. With the little ones free painting is their natural gesture. For

the adolescents it means a healthy exercise of greatest importance to their inner growth, and it could mean even more to adults.

* * *

Lack Of Self-Confidence Is The Greatest Difficulty. What is there to be done? My being confident, gives them confidence. My enthusiasm stimulates them. I tell them, what is true, that anybody can draw and paint! One simply has to develop the capacity by its exercise.

Curiosity is the father of invention. Children destroy a toy to find out how it is made. Sometimes a piece of wood stimulates their imagination a thousand times more than any too finished toy.

If children feel that they can invent for themselves and that it is very interesting to do so, they are anxious to try, with no help except encouragement and advice.

Courage Is Contagious. I must say that I have been breathless many a time in my surprise at seeing what they have created, each one's work being free from unassimilated influence.

"The Galloping Horse," done by an eleven-year-old with the brush, was accompanied by the remark, "Why do I always paint horses? I guess I love them." And what speed the painting has! What a feeling for the horse! It is alive.

In the "Black Man" an eight year old child gets rid of her fear of the unknown terror of blackness, testifying himself: "Now I am no longer afraid of the 'Black Man',—I painted him myself." And you should have seen that Black Man, you would have been frightened yourself.

What a sense of humor and of satire in the "Cross Teacher"! In the latter the figure is vertical in a stiff, narrow way: the mouth is horizontal in lines of tightness: the diagonal lines accompany the square forms of books hurled angrily against her stiffness. The affected manner of her hand holding her glasses—the whole a marvelous expression of unsympathetic memory.

My youngest pupil, a child of three, comes into the class with an interested grandmother, does not look to her right nor left but sits down and calls, "Paper, please. Paint, please" and after one sheet is filled, again, "Paper, please. Paint please," and so on through the forty minute lesson. Sometimes she tells, "This is a rainbow." A sheet covered with delightful light colors. "This is a thunderstorm," and the sheet glows with black and reds. You see that even at three years the language of color is natural to a child.

They may hum or talk during their work; they may choose their medium and the subject as they wish. Complete freedom produces in each one a personal responsibility and a natural consideration for the group. Freedom does not mean license. With this ideal, and not more than twenty

children in a class, there is no problem of discipline.

WOMAN'S HEAD
drawn freely by a 14 year old child artist in Mme. Scheyer's class. This picture is now traveling in Germany under auspices of American Arts Federation.

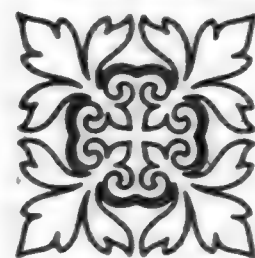
The distinction, the choice, between liberty and license lies in the hands of the teacher who must be born with a "knowing heart."

One of America's greatest leaders in the training of art teachers, Arthur Dow, says: "When you have the need to know something, you find it." If a child is dissatisfied with his conception, let us



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DOLORES NEAR OCEAN CARMEL



say, of noses, he will begin to observe and study noses. Now the teacher can stimulate and direct the thought, for instance, in the street car to notice all different noses of his neighbors. The child will attain through his awakened and enthusiastic interest, a result superior to that derived from required academic instruction. As Oscar Wilde said long ago: "We always teach people to remember, never how to grow."

Children awake, as it were, to life. Consequently they do get the fundamentals for art appreciation. THERE ARE NO PRECONCEIVED IDEAS TO BE ELIMINATED. The open mind and heart will allow an emotional reaction to art. It will enrich their minds and hearts and make them more tolerant towards their fellow beings. Self expression lifts one out of the monotony of standardization and gives the individual the chance to develop the Best within himself and gives him the power to give to others.

All Philosophy, Religion, Science and Arts, are based on the search for truth that is born of awe and wonder and begets a great humility and tolerance. For the greater the knowledge, the more truly we understand how little we know.

Whether or not any of these gifted and

vital children become artists, is not a question for us. We can leave that trustfully to life itself. We can only protect and guide as we allow them to build up their own rich natures. The discovery of life comes through striving, not through teaching. This will give them the treasure of culture for the future generations.

Salt of the Earth

Remark of a Summer Visitor on passing the San Carlos Stables, placarded with a poster announcing a production at the Carmel Playhouse:

"O look, Minnie, what a cute theater building they have in Carmel."

DREAMS THAT NEVER COME TRUE

The printer to the editor: "Copy! Copy! We've got ten columns set and we need the other twenty right away quick."

The editor to the printer: "Oh, go on away. I don't much feel like writing this week. I believe we'll just skip an issue."

THREE TOWNS

No. American standardization of life has not yet completely come to pass. Our California towns are as different in their types as are people.

Look you upon the three of the Monterey peninsula.

Pacific Grove: churchly; a remote and affably elderly town.

Carmel: a little city with the heart of a village. A bit arty, yes. But you can easily lose the artists among the sacred cypresses.

Monterey: its atmosphere thick with the fumes arising from political undercurrents. This is a town of resources,—the harbor and the canneries; the military post; historical monuments and an atmosphere to draw the visitor with money in his purse. The flavor of the past is pungent with spice; of the future, with brimstone. Yet the old adobes remain, stately in their simplicity, as if no future mattered as much as beauty does.



LEGAL NOTIFICATIONS

NOTICE OF SALE OF FRANCHISE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Wednesday, the 5th day of June, 1929, an application in writing was made and filed in the office of the City Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the County of Monterey, State of California, by Pacific Gas and Electric Company, a corporation, for the grant of the right, privilege and franchise of laying and maintaining gas pipes, mains and conduits and of using the same for the purpose of carrying gas to be used for light, heat, power and all lawful purposes and of supplying gas to the public and particularly to the inhabitants of said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the highways, streets and alleys of said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea as specified and set forth in the form of ordinance hereinafter contained, which right, privilege and franchise are more fully set forth in said form of ordinance, which contains a statement of the character of said right, privilege and franchise and of the conditions upon which it is proposed to grant the same, and that said form of ordinance is in the words and figures following, viz:

ORDINANCE NO. _____

ORDINANCE GRANTING TO _____ AND ASSIGNS THE RIGHT, PRIVILEGE AND FRANCHISE OF LAYING, MAINTAINING AND USING, FOR THE PURPOSE OF CONVEYING, DISTRIBUTING AND SUPPLYING GAS TO THE PUBLIC AND PARTICULARLY TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, FOR LIGHT, HEAT, POWER AND ALL LAWFUL PURPOSES, GAS PIPES, MAINS AND CONDUITS IN SO MANY AND IN SUCH PARTS OF THE PUBLIC HIGHWAYS, STREETS AND ALLEYS OF SAID CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA AS THE GRANTEE MAY ELECT TO USE FOR THE PURPOSE AFORESAID.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES (now

known as City Council) OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1. The right, privilege and franchise of laying, maintaining and using, for the purpose of conveying, distributing and supplying gas to the public and particularly to the inhabitants of said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea for light, heat, power and all lawful purposes, gas pipes, mains and conduits in so many and in such parts, (except as hereinafter provided), of the public highways, streets and alleys of said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea as the grantee may elect to use for the purpose aforesaid, are hereby granted by the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea for the term of fifty (50) years from and after the time when this ordinance shall take effect, to _____ and assigns.

Section 2. All gas pipes, mains and other conduits which shall be laid and used under and pursuant to the provisions of this ordinance and in the exercise of the right, privilege and franchise herein granted shall be of iron, or other suitable material, and shall be of such dimensions as the owner for the time being of said right, privilege and franchise shall determine. All such gas pipes, mains and conduits shall be laid in a good and workmanlike manner and at least eighteen (18) inches below the surface of said highways, streets and alleys under the direction of the Superintendent of Streets of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea or other officer having charge thereof, and in compliance with all valid ordinances and regulations which are now or hereinafter shall be enacted and prescribed by said city under its police power.

Provided, however, that the grantee shall not use any portion of any street, lane, alley, square or other public place in said city for the installation or maintenance of gas pipes, mains or conduits in such manner as to injure or destroy any tree or tree shrub therein, except after a permit in writing first obtained for such purpose from the Marshal of said city, or other

officer having charge thereof;

Provided further that in the event of any such officer refusing to issue any such permit when applied for by the grantee, the grantee may appeal from the determination of such officer by filing such appeal in writing with the City Clerk of said city, addressed to the council thereof, and such appeal shall be heard at the next ensuing regular meeting of said council, and the determination of the council of said city thereupon after such hearing shall be final and conclusive, and binding on all parties interested.

Section 3. The owner for the time being of said right, privilege and franchise shall, immediately upon laying, replacing, or repairing said gas pipes, mains and other conduits, or any part thereof, at its own cost and expense place said highways, streets and alleys, or so much thereof as may have been damaged thereby, in as good order and condition as that in which they were before being disturbed or excavated for the purpose of laying, replacing or repairing said pipes and other conduits.

Section 4. The owner for the time being of said right, privilege and franchise shall have the right to maintain, repair and replace any or all of such gas pipes, mains and other conduits from time to time as may be necessary or proper.

Section 5. The grantee of the aforesaid right, privilege and franchise, its successors and assigns, shall during the term for which the same is granted pay to said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea two (2) per cent. of its or their gross annual receipts arising from the use, operation or possession thereof; provided, however, that no percentage shall be paid for the first five (5) years succeeding the date of the grant of said right, privilege and franchise, but thereafter such percentage shall be payable annually, and if such payment shall not be made, such right, privilege and franchise shall be forfeited.

Section 6. The said right, privilege and franchise are granted under and pursuant to the provisions of the laws of the State of

MAX AND THE MODERNS

Max Eastman publishes a delicious and pertinent essay in a recent issue of *Harper's*. It is headed "The Cult of Intelligibility."

Max, who, we supposed, was the eternal and unquenchable playboy, has joined the generation in protest against the modern arts on some important counts.

Many of the rest of us have been lying low, not saying anything, because we are afraid of being labeled "uncontemporary" if we admit our doubts. But if Max dares, we'll dare.

He says it so wittily, however, that all we need for the moment to do here is to quote him:

Two tendencies are confused in the literary movement called modernist which ought to be distinguished. They are clearly distinguished for me, because I like one of them and the other I regard as an affliction. But many people see only one tendency here and are puzzled to define it. The tendency that I like might be called the cultivation of pure poetry. The tendency that I do not like I call

the cult of unintelligibility.

If you pick up a book by Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Edith Sitwell, or any of the "modernists," and read a page innocently, I think the first feeling you will have is that the author isn't telling you anything. It may seem that he isn't telling you anything because he doesn't know anything. Or it may seem that he knows something, but he won't tell. In any case he is uncommunicative.

* * *

A dominant tendency of the advancing schools of poetry for the last twenty years has been to decrease the range, the volume, and the definiteness of communication. To my mind that statement, which has a verifiable meaning, might take the place of about one-half of the misty literarious talk of the poets and the poet-critics of the modernist movement. They are not "abandoning romanticism," "returning to the eighth-century tradition," "inaugurating a neo-classical era"—it is the height of romanticism to imagine that they are. They are not "overcoming the distinction between subject-matter and form," "revolting against the tyranny of the general reader," being "primitive," being "intellectual," being "aesthetic," in-

stituting an "artificial barbarism," or clinging to the "hard matter-of-fact skeleton of poetic logic." There is no such skeleton and no such logic. What they are doing is withdrawing into themselves. They are communicating to fewer people, they are communicating less, and what they communicate is less definitely determiner. And this is true of the whole movement, all the way from free verse to free association.

Free verse decreases the definiteness of communication by introducing into the transcription of poetry a gross mark of punctuation which has no significance commonly agreed upon. Suppose that instead of this arbitrary line-division I made up a new character, a semicolon composed of two commas with the tails going the opposite ways. And suppose I announced that as a poet I was going to use that comma-colon wherever and whenever I wanted to, like the joker in the pack, without any agreement as to its value, either rhythmical or grammatical. It would be obvious, would it not, that the freedom I had acquired was not a freedom to communicate more to my readers, but a freedom from the terms of communication—a freedom to play by my self? This is the principal thing accomplished by the line-division in free verse.

LEGAL NOTIFICATIONS

California which relate to the granting of rights, privileges and franchises by municipalities.

Section 7. This ordinance shall, except as hereinafter otherwise provided, take effect and be in force upon the expiration of thirty (30) days after its final passage, and shall, before the expiration of said thirty (30) days and before going into effect, be published once in *The Carmelite*, a newspaper published in said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Introduced in the City Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea on the day of 1929, and finally passed and adopted by said City Council this day of 1929, by the following vote:

Ayes: Trustees (or Councilmen)
Noes: Trustees (or Councilmen)
Absent: Trustees (or Councilmen)

Mayor of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Attest:

City Clerk; and

NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN that it is proposed by said Council to grant said right, privilege and franchise upon the terms and conditions set forth in said form of ordinance; that sealed bids for such right, privilege and franchise will be received by said Council at its office in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in said County of Monterey, up to the hour of 7:30 o'clock P. M., on Wednesday, the 7th day of August, 1929; that the successful bidder, and his assigns, must, during the life of said franchise, pay to said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, a percentage of the gross annual receipts to be derived from the use, operation or possession of said right, privilege and franchise upon the terms and conditions set forth in said form of ordinance; that said Council will meet in open session on the day and at the hour last hereinbefore mentioned and will then and there open and read such bids; that thereupon and during such meeting said right, privilege and franchise will be awarded to the person, firm or corporation that shall

make the highest cash bid therefor, provided only that at the time of the opening of said bids any responsible person, firm or corporation present or represented may bid for such right, privilege and franchise a sum not less than ten (10) per cent. above the highest sealed bid therefor, and said bid may be raised not less than ten (10) per cent. by any responsible bidder, and said bidding may so continue until finally said right, privilege and franchise shall be struck off, sold and awarded by said Council to the highest bidder therefor, in gold coin of the United States of America, and each sealed bid shall be accompanied with cash or a certified check payable to the Treasurer of said City for the full amount of said bid, and no sealed bid shall be considered unless such cash or certified check shall be enclosed therewith, and the successful bidder shall deposit at least ten (10) per cent. of the amount of his bid with the Clerk of said City before said right, privilege and franchise shall be struck off to him; and if he shall fail to make such deposit immediately, then and in that case his bid shall not be received and shall be considered as void, and said franchise shall then and there be again offered for sale to the bidder who shall make the highest cash bid therefor, subject to the same conditions as to deposit as above mentioned; that such procedure shall be had until said franchise shall be struck off, sold and awarded to the bidder who shall make the necessary deposit of ten (10) per cent. of the amount of his bid as hereinbefore provided; that such successful bidder shall deposit with the Clerk of said City within twenty-four (24) hours after the acceptance of his bid the remaining ninety (90) per cent. of the amount thereof, and in case he shall fail to do so, then said deposit theretofore made shall be forfeited and the award of said franchise shall be void, and said franchise shall then and there by said Council be again offered for sale to the highest bidder therefor, in the same manner and under the same restrictions as hereinbefore provided; and in case said bidder shall fail to deposit with the Clerk of said City the remaining

ninety (90) per cent. of his bid within twenty-four (24) hours after its acceptance, the award to him of said franchise shall be set aside and the deposit theretofore made by him shall be forfeited; and no further proceedings in the sale of said franchise shall be had unless the same shall be again advertised and offered for sale in the manner hereinbefore provided; and

NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN that the grantee of said right, privilege and franchise must, within five (5) days after the same shall have been awarded, file with said Council a bond running to said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, with at least two (2) good and sufficient sureties to be approved by said Council in the penal sum of \$1000.00, conditioned that such bidder shall well and truly fulfill and perform each and every term and condition of said franchise, and that in case of any breach of condition of said bond the whole amount of the penal sum therein named shall be taken and deemed to be liquidated damages and shall be recoverable from the principal and sureties upon said bond; and that in case said bond shall not be filed as aforesaid, then the award of said franchise shall be set aside and any money paid therefor shall be forfeited, and said franchise shall, in the discretion of said Council, be re-advertised and again offered for sale as provided by law. For further particulars reference is hereby made to said application filed as aforesaid in the office of said Council, and also to the resolution adopted by said Council on the 5th day of June, 1929, under and pursuant to which and to the provisions of such laws of the State of California as relate to the granting of rights, privileges and franchises by municipalities, this notice is given, and all proceedings relating to the grant of said right, privilege and franchise will be had.

Dated: June 5th, 1929.

By order of City Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Saidee Van Brower
Clerk.

Classified Advertisements

TEACHER, qualified, experienced, wishes employment as tutor, or anything suitable. Specialist in languages. Address P. W. H., 125 Grand Avenue, Pacific Grove. Telephone 872-J.

FOR SALE: Ford Roadster, Five new tires; motor recently overhauled; Price \$50.00. See E. V. Fessenden at the Carmel Press, Seven Arts Building.

FOR RENT At St. Helena, two hours from Berkeley, in the Napa Valley, two bungalows, furnished, each having four bedrooms. One in woods with large porch; one in town has electric range and water heater. \$75 a month. Inquire at Lyman Ranch, on highway three miles north of St. Helena.

DRESSMAKING: and millinery. Hemstitching. Remodelling. Martha Coldewe. Farley Building on Dolores. Telephone Carmel 598.

Professional Directory

ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Argyll Campbell
E. Guy Ryker
General Practice
Goldstine Building
Monterey, California
Telephone 164

DR. CARL L. FAGAN
Osteopathic Physician

at Carmel Office
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday
afternoons

For appointments, telephone
Monterey 179

Dr. Clarence H. Terry
Dentist

El Paseo Building

Dolores at 7th Street
Phone: Carmel 106

except in a few poems where it is employed, as Blake and Whitman usually employed it, to divide the actual phrases of a chant.

* * * *

From free verse it was a short step to free punctuation. I mean the habit of turning loose a handful of punctuation marks like a flock of bacteria to browse all over the page, and even eat their way into the insides of apparently healthy words. Let us see an example of this from the poetry of E. E. Cummings.

Among these red pieces of day—against which, and quite silently, hills made of blue and green paper, scorchbending themselves, upcurve into anguish, climbing spiral, and disappear—satanic and blasé, a black goat lookingly wanders. There is nothing left of the world, but into this nothing "il treno per Roma signori?" jerkily rushes.

That is the poem, and it might be an excellent one, if the poet would come down and tell us where he is and what he is talking about. Here is the way it looks after an attack of punctuation, and as it appears in published form:

Among
these
red pieces of
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and,disappear)

Satanic and blasé

a black goat lookingly wanders
There is nothing left of the world but
into this noth
ing il treno* per
Roma si-ginori?
jerk.
ilyr, ushes

You can see from this that punctuation is a serious disease. Moreover, it is quite possible that if you put this poetry under the microscope you would find that the commas and parentheses themselves have been attacked by still more minute grammatical organisms, and that the whole thing is simply honeycombed with punctuation.

* * * *

Science is nothing but a persistent and organized effort to talk sense. And science would tell us that these punctuation marks on the rampage do not promote accuracy of communication, but destroy it. They may have a very subtle, fine and real value within the poet's mind. It is a mere conspiracy of folly to pretend that they have an identic value in the mind if any reader.

From free punctuation it is an easy step to free grammar—or rather, freedom

THE CARMELITE, June 26, 1929.

from grammar. I use this inexact expression to characterize the kind of freedom attained, in its ultimate purity, by Gertrude Stein. Let us examine a passage of Gertrudian prose:

The Hartford pigpen never supported, never confirmed food, therefore are not supported and this biulding will pay for that and food which confirmed it. White immortal eternal receipt for food. The war planet Mars. I have the white immortal eternal receipt . . .

I was looking at you, the sweet boy that does not want sweet soap. Neatness of feet does not win feet, but feet win the neatness of men. Run does not run west but west runs east. I like west strawberries best.

One can hardly deny a beauty of ingenuity to these lines. They have a fluency upon the tongue, a logical intricacy that is intriguing. But any deeper value they may have, value for the mind or the passions of a leader, will be composed of elements not objectively implied but accidentally suggested by them. No doubt anyone who dwells with idle energy upon their plausible music will find thoughts and impulses from his own life rising to employ them as symbol or pattern for a moment of thought or imaginative realization. But the impulses that rise to these lines from the reader's life will never by any chance be the same that dictated them in the life of the author. Communication is here reduced to a minimum. The values are private—as private as the emotional life of the insane. In fact the passage quoted was not from Gertrude Stein, but from the ravings of a maniac-depressive cited by Kraepelin in his *Clinical Psychiatry*. Here is a passage from Gertrude Stein:

Any space is not quiet it is so likely to be shiny. Darkness very dark darkness is sectional. There is a way to see in onion and surely very surely rhubarb and a tomato, surely very surely there is that seeding.

It is essentially the same thing, except that Gertrude Stein perpetrates it voluntarily, and—to judge by the external appearance—not quite so well. It is private literature. It is intra-cerebral art.

Miss Stein is emptying words of the social element. Words are vessels of communion; she is treating them as empty vessels, polishing them and setting them in a row.

* * * *

James Joyce not only polishes the words that he sets in a row, but molds them and fires them in his own oven. From free grammar he has taken a farther step to free etymology. All boisterous writers have made up words, but they have made them in such a way or placed them in such a context that their meaning or value was conveyed to the reader. Joyce, in his recent writing, makes up words to

suit the whim-chances of a process going on only in his own brain:

For if the lingo gasped between kickeets were to be preached from the mouths of wickerchurchwardens and metaphysicians in the row and advokaatoes, allvovous, demivoyelles, languoaths, lesbiels, dentelles, gutterhowls and furtz, where would their practice be or where the human race itself were the Pythagorean sesquipedalia of the panepistemion, grunted and gromwelled, ichabod, habakuk, opanoff, ug-gamyg, hapaxle, gomenon, ppppfff, over country styles, behind slated dwelling houses, down blind lanes, or, when all fruit fails, under some sacking left on a coarse cart?

This literary form also finds its involuntary parallel in the madhouse. There too the inevitable step is taken from free grammar to free etymology. That automatic "flight of ideas," the result of some pathological drying upward of the deeper associational roots of words, naturally passes over into a mere flight of syllables. Indeed anyone can imitate both these symptoms by compelling himself to talk faster than he can think or feel. But he cannot imitate them with the rare and various genius of James Joyce.

The goal toward which he seems to be travelling with all this equipment of genius is the creation of a language of his own—a language which might be superior poetically, as Esperanto is practically, to any of the known tongues. It might be immortal—as immortal as the steel shelves of the libraries in which it would rest. But how little it would communicate, and to how few.

* * *

Moreover, with all respect to the typographical genius of E. E. Cummings, he is a mere infant in the free art of punctuation. Why content oneself with meagerly redistributing a handful of tame signs, dried up, stale, dead and familiar to all Western European civilization for upwards of three thousand years? Can you wake a man up with an exclamation point that was known to his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfathers before him? Can you stop the modern breath with a colon that was a bore to Cleopatra? Let us have a little real creative activity in these fields. A little cross-breeding between plus signs and semicolons would be a good beginning. By crossing the minus sign with the colon we get the sign of division; a cross between a plus sign and a semicolon might give us something even more remarkable. That has never been tried. And why not introduce a few foreign strains here, too? Spanish question marks behave in very queer ways, too, standing on their heads in front of a question as well as jumping up and making faces behind it. All these things would help to jazz up the rapid, capricious, and melodic line. Each of them would give one more uncommunicative poet a place of distinction.



But
they never
met again

He (as the guests leave): "I'll call you up."

She (embarrassed): "But we have no telephone."

He: "Oh, well, I'll probably see you again sometime."

What girl wants to live in a home that has no telephone?



THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Grandma is cooking with electricity

"JUST keeping up with the times," says Grandma Collins, "I am one of the many new users of the electric range. I was just over at the PG and E's office and they told me one-thousand five-hundred of their customers will get electric ranges this May and June."

The electric range gives a beautiful, clean kitchen and perfect baking to women who love modern methods.

The electric range has white and gray porcelain enamel that makes kitchens attractive. It bakes perfectly. And it does it automatically. The oven heats up to 400 degrees in 9 to 11 minutes—as fast as one can mix biscuits. The open or closed cooking elements are now made smaller to fit your pans. Heat that was formerly wasted goes to work. Food cooks faster, less electricity is used.

While you're downtown, stop in at a dealer's or at our office and see these new electric ranges. Or telephone us and our representative will gladly show you pictures of the many beautiful new models.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.

P·G·E

Owned - Operated - Managed
by Californians

Electric water heating
is now economical

The cut in rates of a year ago, means that an electric water heater, when used with an electric range, heats water for only one-third to one-half of a cent per gallon. So little to pay for hot water. And a CLEAN, COOL, all-electric kitchen.

No wonder that women using electricity for cooking are turning to electricity for heating water.

within sight and sound
of the sea

A NEW HOTEL IN CARMEL

Completely new, thoroughly modern,
La Ribera at Carmel-by-the-Sea, will
be formally opened July 3.

On the former site of Lincoln Inn
... inheriting Lincoln Inn's reputation
for hospitality.

A delightful place for your holidays or
a more extended stay.

RESERVATIONS NOW

La Ribera

CARMEL
BY THE
SEA

MRS. JOHN BALL
PROPRIETOR
AND MANAGER

formerly Lincoln Inn

MARQUETTE

Just another automobile? Decidedly
not. It's Buick's answer to the medium
price question, and Buick's reputation
is behind it.

---Worth investigating.

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BUICK SALES AGENCY
SEVENTH AND SAN CARLOS : : CARMEL

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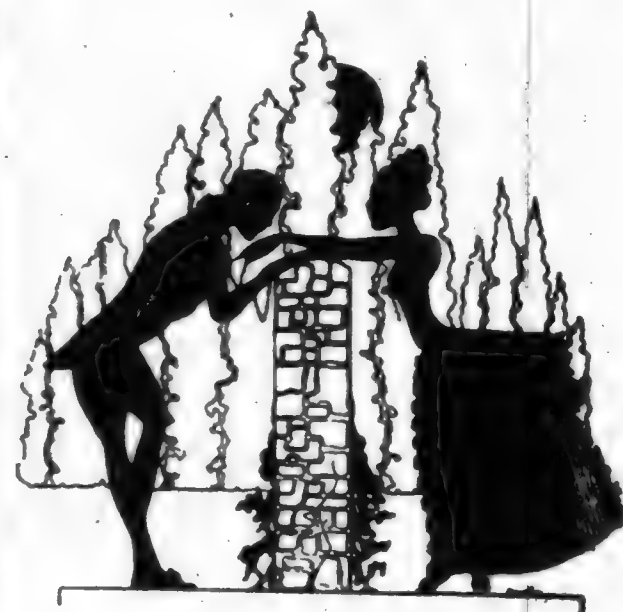
QUALITY

SERVICE

M. J. MURPHY
GENERAL CONTRACTOR

PHONES

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THE
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R
S

An Eighteenth
Century
Romance

By
Edmond
Rostand

Directed by

DENIS D'AUBURN

FOREST
THEATER

JULY 4 - 5 - 6
at 8.30

TICKETS
\$1.00 \$1.50
BICKLE'S
DRUG
STORE

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME II
NUMBER 20

JUNE 26, 1929

GRATIS

AT YOUR SERVICE...

[A Classified Directory of
Advertisements in This Issue]

DETAIL OF COTTAGE AT DEL MONTE

AMUSEMENTS

Forest Theatre

ART EXHIBIT

Carmel Art Association

BANKS

Bank of Carmel

BAKERIES

Carmel Bakery

Dolores Bakery

BEAUTY SHOPS

The Powder Puff

BOOKS

Seven Arts Bookshop

Village Bookshop

BUILDING TRADES

M. J. Murphy

CLEANERS

Carmel Cleaning Works

CONFECTIONERS

Curtis Candy Store

Kratz Chocolates

DECORATORS

Studio of Interior Decoration

CZanetta Catlett

DENTISTS

Dr. Clarence H. Terry

FLORISTS

The Garden Shop

FURNITURE

Climax Furniture Company

GIFT SHOPS

Chinese Art

Indian Craft Shop

Myra B. Shop

GROCERS

Leidig's Grocery

INNS

Highlands Inn

Hotel La Ribera

Hotel Worth

Old Cabin Inn

Pine Inn

Studio Restaurant

LAUNDRIES

Carmel French Laundry

Del Monte Laundry

MOTOR CAR SERVICE

Cadillac Co. of Monterey County

Carl's Super Service

Carmel Garage

Chevrolet Sales and Service

Cooper's Garage Studebaker Service—N.A.C.

Liedig and Reardon—Buick-Marquette

Oakland-Pontiac Sales and Service

Studebaker-Erskine Sales and Service

Willys Knight-Whippet (Lorin D. Lacey)

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS

Dr. Carl Fagan

PHOTOGRAPHY

Edward Weston

PIANOS

Thomas Vincent Cater

(continued on page 7)



TEXTILE HANDICRAFTS ON THE PENINSULA

As one of the last strongholds against the march of the Machine Age, Carmel is naturally a refuge for craftsmen and for those who have a feeling for objects fashioned by the hand. This, surely, is why in Carmel the spirit of ancient craftsmanship prevails,—in our forges, our makers of wrought-iron in cunning and costly forms. And this must be why, in our little town of two thousand souls, we find, too, several looms; and at them, thrusting the shuttle of silk or wool to and fro, weavers seriously at work.

The weavings of any workman bear recognizably the imprint of his "character," skill, and tastes. Weaving, in spite of the fact that a loom gives the appearance of a mechanical tool, is therefore still a personal craft, almost a personal art.

At the Fraser Looms, in the Seven Arts Building of Carmel, you will find sturdy textiles, firmly-woven and durable. Even the old-fashioned rag rug has been reclaimed, and made a medium for the expression of new design in modern color-relationships. Mrs. Fraser, who makes her own designs, has also a feeling for contemporary European peasant-design, importing to her shop the Italian linens on which wood-blocks have been stamped in ineradicable iron-rust dyes; woven prints from Poland; and French weavings.

Half a block around the corner we find another loom,—the Carmel Weavers, in the person of Iris Alberto, at work. Here the weavings again reflect the personality of the worker. These are softly feminine. Textures are clinging, gracious. The pastel colorings give forth baby blues and pinks. There are cradle blankets and the softest scarves. Once in a while Mrs.

BEAUTY CULTURE AS A FINE ART

POWDER PUFF BEAUTY SHOP

GLADYS YOUNG
OCEAN AVENUE
CARMEL

APPOINTMENTS
TELEPHONE
SIX-EIGHT

CARMEL'S BOHEMIAN CAFE

STUDIO RESTAURANT

HARRY MALLINGER, PROPRIETOR

DOLORES ST. PHONE 212

AT THE MYRA B. SHOP

costume jewelry
novelty and
semi-precious

STUDIO BUILDING ON DOLORES
Telephone Carmel 66-J

RIDE BETTIE GREENE STABLES

JUNIPERO & 4TH
TELEPHONE . . . 31

GRACE WALLACE announces

CHILDREN'S VACATION CLASSES

in
Creative Writing
French
Drawing
Music
Dancing

"Wee Gables"

Camino Real
between Thirteenth and Santa Lucia
Telephone 763-R

fresh fruits and
vegetables daily
Telephone 168
Leidig's **grocery**
Ocean and Dolores
free delivery

CARMEL TAXI SERVICE

PHONE 15 DAY OR
NIGHT

The GARDEN SHOP
opposite the post office
CUT FLOWERS: GIFT PLANTS
GARDEN POTTERY



Alberto runs riot; knits a vivid orange and brown sweater in dynamic designs. Then,—for the thing has taken three whole months to make,—cannot bear to sell the child.

Far on down Carmelo, the Jack Flauners have turned the tiniest of cottages into a studio. The atmosphere here, simple as are the units of design, is distinctly romantic. Jack provides the Byronic; his wife, the primitive and silent simplicity of a Norsewoman. There is a redwood loom beside a redwood wall, against which a skein of peacock blue wool hangs in rich emphasis. Although Mrs. Flauner is weaving curtains for a new house in Pebble Beach, these two in this room might be set against the background of a century ago.

Elsewhere in private houses there are looms and women weaving just for fun. Mrs. James Doulton has a loom she uses for household purposes. Mrs. Harper, at the Forest Hill School, takes to weaving when she is otherwise tired.

Hands are still alive in Carmel.

Sports . . .

THE ABALONE LEAGUE GAME

Featured by good pitching and heavy hitting on both sides, the game between the Giants and the Shamrocks last Sunday afternoon at the Abalone Field went two extra innings before a decision by the umpire, ami dhoots, jeers, and flying pine cones,—put Paul Whitman out at home plate when he appeared safe to everybody else. The score was ten to nine in favor of the Shamrocks.

The Tigers and the Reds, principals in the second contest of the afternoon, put on a free hitting contest in which Ernie Schwenger of the Reds pitched an excellent game. With a little support by his team Ernie might have made a better showing. As it was, he appeared to be the only member not suffering from rheumatic elbows or water on the knee.

The standing of the Clubs was:

Tigers,	714
Shamrocks	667
Giants	428
Reds	167

GOLF

A slight change has been made in the schedule for the Fourth of July Golf Tournament at Del Monte. Following is the correct revised schedule:

Thursday, July 4—Qualifying round.
Friday, July 5—First round of Match play.
Saturday morning, July 6—Second round of Match play.
Saturday afternoon, July 6—Semi-finals.
Sunday, July 7—Finals.

There will be defeated eights in all flights and separate flights for ladies.

THE REAL THING

While electricians, cabinet makers, and interior decorators put on the finishing touches to La Ribera, risen at Lincoln and Seventh on the site of the Sidney Yard home, and now awaiting Mrs. John Ball's word of announcement as to the formal opening date early in July, we in our hearts and privately, know that it is neither the Moorish-Mediterranean style, nor even the excellence of the kitchen, which gives so certain a promise of success.

It is the personality of Mrs. Ball herself, warm, engagingly cordial, full of the hearty generosity of the old school. There was something captivating, in the old days of Lincoln Inn, about the pop-overs she, herself and personally, brought us as a sudden inspiration hot from the kitchen.

"A trick of salesmanship?" winks the sophisticated or the wordly-wise.

No. Not a trick of salesmanship, but the real thing of which such tricks are a subsequent and totally unconvincing imitation. The new inn will succeed financially not only because of the competence of administration, but because of that hearty quality. And we venture to suppose that Mrs. Ball has chosen to undertake the venture, not alone because of the profits accruing, but because of the sheer fun and the artistry involved.

The efficient hotel proprietor registers cordially. Mrs. Ball feels it.

What to See

OUT-OF-DOORS:

Point Lobos
Te Seventeen-Mile Drive
The Carmel Valley
The road past the Highlands to the Big Sur
The white dunes of the beach
The redwoods can be reached at Robinson Canyon, up the valley; or at Palo Colorado Canyon, fifteen miles south on the Big Sur Road.

PLAYS:

The Forest Theater Play, on The Fourth, with Denis d'Auburn directing Rostand's "Romancers," in Carmel's out-of-door theater.

EXHIBITIONS:

The Carmel Art Gallery, Seven Arts Building.
Open weekdays from 2:00 to 5:00
The Little Gallery, Indian Craft Shop,
Pearl and Tyler Streets, Monterey.
Drawings and Paintings
by Ina Perham. All day weekdays.
The Carmelita Gallery,
San Antonio near Ocean.
Paintings by William Silva.
Open Saturday afternoons.
Edward Weston Studio.
Ocean Avenue.
Photographic works of Weston.
Roger Sturtevant,
Court of The Golden Bough.
Photographic portraits.
The Waldvogel Textile Studios,
on Polk Street.
Monterey.

IN MONTEREY:

Colton Hall, the old stone court-house.
The Little Gallery at Pearl and Tyler Streets.
The Waldvogel Studios, in a fine old adobe on Polk Street.

at peninsula inns

Guests of Jack Jordan at Pine Inn are George Knowles and Harold Jacoby. Mr. Knowles is the son of the president of the College of the Pacific. Joseph L. Wintersteen chose transportation by air for his trip down from San Francisco.

Also at Pine Inn are Peter V. Ross, Christian Science Lecturer from San Francisco; James Kemble Mills, well known in Carmel; Professor Frank H. Wilcox from the University of British Columbia, Vancouver; Mrs. C. H. Walker and Miss Annette C. Holme, here for the summer from Denver; Carey McWilliams, contributor to The American Mercury, and Casley McWilliams, both from Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Chase, Starkweather House, Watertown, Connecticut; and the George A. Martins of San Francisco, here for the week end.

• • • • •

At Sea View Inn are Mr. and Mrs. William H. O. Brewster of Pasadena; Eleanor V. V. Bennet, Berkeley; Ruth Burchard Sweney, Hayward, and Mary G. Burchard; also Miss Sarah Heath, known for her story about the Carmel Mission; Helen de C. Barrett of Grass Valley, and Hazel Barrett; the Misses Marjorie and Mona Stuart of Berkeley; Mrs. K. Golly and son Russell, down from San Francisco.

• • • • •

At the Green Lantern are Mrs. W. C. Hertzler and Miss Suzanne Cone of Toledo, Ohio, her efor about a month; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Gay, Portland, Oregon; Miss Marian Holyoke on her way to the Social Workers' Conference; New York; Miss M. Murray and Miss Mildred Dunlap of San Jose; Miss Mildred Boyd, Miss Viva Hinton, and Miss H. Parker, all of San Francisco.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE GIRL SCOUTS

The Girl Scout Council has engaged a leader to keep "open house" at the Scout House this summer and to take charge of all scouting work.

This means that the Scouts can really enjoy their new home this summer and that they can use these months when they are free from the heavy demands of school to do as serious Scout work as they like. The summer leader will give them their tests for rank in as quick succession as the girls can prepare for them. She will be on hand for beach picnics, swims, hikes, small parties in the Scout House as well as for the more serious work of Scouting. If a Scout wants to learn to cook in the Scout House instead of at home the Leader will be there to give the necessary supervision. There will probably be meetings for hand work, nature study, camp lore, games, in fact for other activities which the girls may choose. All this will start shortly after July third.

now ♦ ♦ ♦

more than ever before

THE
FINEST
LAUNDRY
ON THE
MONTEREY
PENINSULA

1600 square feet of floor space added
\$30,000.00 of additional machinery
of the most modern type installed.

A complete new water softening system.

—all as the result of

INCREASED DEMANDS
OF OUR
RAPIDLY GROWING
BUSINESS

TELEPHONE 89
MONTEREY

VISITORS' DAY..

Every Wednesday
from 1 to 5 p. m.
will be Visitors' Day
at Del Monte
Laundry

Come and see for
yourself how Del
Monte Laundry pro-
vides the finest, most
modern laundry ser-
vice on Monterey
Peninsula.

DEL MONTE LAUNDRY

HOTEL DEL MONTE

Reasonable Prices

Prompt Free Delivery

The Carmel Bakery

DELICIOUS FOODS
MADE OF THE
VERY BEST
MATERIALS

Phone 331

Carmel

CARMEL French Laundry

FINISHED
SEMI-FINISHED
ROUGH-DRY
SERVICES

Fifth and Junipero Streets
Telephone: 176

EDWARD WESTON CAMERA PORTRAITS

FORMERLY HAGEMeyer STUDIO

Steinway
Duo-Arts
Steck
Everett
Brambach
and others

THOMAS VINCENT CATOR

personally representing

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.

will gladly discuss your piano needs

Telephone 714

Furniture can be hospitable

Get it at the
Climax Furniture Company

Phone 80 Opposite Hotel San Carlos Monterey

G. B. SAYERS

SCHOOL OF WOODCARVING

SUMMER CLASSES

OCEAN AVENUE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

TELEPHONE 376

COOPER'S

EXPERT PERSONAL
ATTENTION ON ALL
REPAIR JOBS

NATIONAL
A. C.
SERVICE

GARAGE

TOWING . . . 24-HOUR ROAD SERVICE

TELEPHONE CARMEL 308

peninsula personalities . . .

OUR FRIEND McKEE

No, they are not all artists in Carmel. Some of them are just people. In little cottages tucked away under the pine trees is many an individual of dynamic memories.

There is Mr. Harry McKee, whose life has had strange and dramatic contrasts. An attorney in San Diego, he took unpopular causes as his own; and in the fight there for free speech, years ago, he was beaten by vigilantes and put in jail for three months. He lectured for some years for the Socialist Labor Party; and when the party split, he joined the left wing.

Feeling some professional discomfort in San Diego, he moved his offices and his family to Fresno. There, returning from the theater, he found the building in which his apartment and his offices were, in flames, his life's accumulation ascending to the heavens.

Retiring for a few quiet years, he undertook creative industry. He had a forge, at whose anvil he beat wrought iron of fine workmanship. His own fireside is flanked by toasting forks and tongs of which the iron has been knotted and tied, the molten ribbon beaten into fine tangles of form.

The bookshelves in his cottage bear witness to the intellectual interests of the unquenchable left-winger; and after you have sparred with him over a chess-game, there are plenty of tales to hear, one how he edited a periodical of the Presbyterian church and knew every preacher upon the Pacific coast.

One interesting reflection of Mr. McKee's bears out the testimony of other flaming spirits who come out of prison quenched and dulled. They have gone in, burning for the cause, young ardor high. Three months in the sunless bitterness, and they suffer from a sort of anaemia of the spirit. They come out into the light of day almost unable to bear the sun. They go in eloquent; they come out dumb.

Since then Mr. McKee's eloquence has entirely returned to him. After a life of splintering knocks, he is still the genial philosopher. Although the book we have just borrowed from him bears the following:

To any literary friend
This bonny book I blythely lend
Till a' its contents he ha' kenned,
Wi' plenty time to learn it;

But may the de-il, wi' fiendish yell,
Wi' barbed fork and sulphur smell,
Lang roast the carl in hottest hell
Neglectin' to return it.

Coming Events . . .

Coming events at Hotel Del Monte include:—

A convention (of which a golf tournament is a principal feature) of the Paper Box Manufacturer's Association; June 23-26.

Dermatologist's Annual Convention; July 1-3.

Glass Jobbers' Convention; July 11-12.

Rotary Clubs' Executives; July 15-16.

The Electrical Convention which is just over astonished the natives with a magnificent display of colored lights,—pillars of fire,—in front of the hotel auditorium.

ATMOSPHERE IN MONTEREY

The opening of a Little Gallery beside the Indian Craft Shop in Monterey adds to the charm of an atmosphere already established in one of the most entrancing of the old adobes. The paintings and drawings of Ina Perham provide the first of the projected series of exhibits.

BETH ENGELS REPORTS ASILOMAR

Beth Engels, at one time a member of the staff of the Carmel "Pine Cone," is directing the publicity for the summer at Asilomar, and will provide occasional reports of the conferences there.

The Y. W. C. A. student conference has just completed its ten-day session. A Y. W. C. A. summer school is training some two dozen young women for Y. W. leadership; and there are to be many lectures and discussions open to the public, at which there will be speakers such as Dr. Roy Akagi, executive secretary of the National Students Association; Dr. Henry Sharmon of Peking; and Miss Frances Warnecke, of the University of California.

The Y. W. C. A. on the Pacific Coast is an instrument for the development of a liberal internationalism with regard to our neighbors across the Pacific.

AND A PENNY EXTRA FOR THE STRAW

These are such days as, in the south and east at least, would discover small boys conducting thriving lemonade stands at the garden edge in front of their homes, at a penny a small glass, three cents for a tall one. Limp American flags flank the table at either side bearing the five tumblers Mother could spare, and the family hound lies near by pressing his body to the pavement for coolness, wagging his further end almost droopishly.

But the younger generation, fresh and alert, smiles encouragingly on the passerby, and polishes the used glasses with abandon.

peninsula panorama

fatigued members of the electrical convention wandering a little forlornly with their wives, as a rest from the grandeur of the hotel and grounds, in the only place that looks like home,—the five-and-ten-cent store.

betty greene under her broad felt hat driving a slow horse and buggy past the old adobes of monterey, the reins loose in her hand.

old tom thursday, the seven arts cat, en promenade down lincoln street, acknowledging with a dignified and gracious wave of the tail, the salutations of the respectful townsfolk.

LIFE IS EARNEST

Up Ocean Avenue and round the corner of Torres they trudge, youngsters, to see Mr. Cooke,—J. H. Cooke, disabled war veteran and stamp collector,—to consult with him about their albums. This is serious business. The consultations are concerned with catalogs, sheets-on-approval, and other matters of import. Let none adjudge the youth of the new generation until they have witnessed these earnest conferences.

BORN FREE AND EQUAL

Another interesting aspect of Carmel is the social intermingling upon all sorts of economic levels. At a party you are likely to meet a mixed assemblage which may include a postal clerk, a pianist of extreme distinction, and a novelist whose millions were made in hardware.

Here in the summer you can engage for your garden's use or as household pets, intellectuals of every variety, (as well as college students.) There are poets, Phi Beta Kappas, an anthropologist, students and performers in the arts to choose from. A visitor in a peninsula hotel may scarcely dare give to a clerk or an awkward waiter such a piece of his mind as the rates entitle him to, for fear he may be addressing a member of one of the best families.

ADVICE FOR A MOON STRUCK LOVER

Some day this same wind
Will blow by
And disremember
Your sad sigh.
Sweet lips you now kiss
And smother
Will some day inflame
Another.
Nothing's permanent
On earth here,
Few things are worth a
Single tear.
Unfetter . . .
Isn't laughter better?

—Anton Gud.

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Mimi Blumette	Guido de Veronesi
Loose Ladies	Vina Delmar
A Preface to Morals	Walter Lippman
Dynamo	Eugene O'Neill
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Books . . .

Among the books being used most widely at the present moment are those of Sigrid Undset, who has been awarded the Nobel prize. Her trilogy, "Kristin Lavransdatter," containing the three novels, "The Bridal Wreath," "The Mistress of Husaby," and "The Cross," is undoubtedly one of the great literary events of our generation.

The absolute soundness of her work, its integrity, its purity, place Sigrid Undset among the finest novelists of any age.

One has only to read the opening chapter of "Kristin," describing the ride on horseback, up the mountains to the saeter to realize that here is not fiction but life itself, lived, breathed, and known.

* * *

"Precious Bane," by Mary Webb, is a book which has only lately begun to come into its own, Mary Webb did not live to see her work appreciated. She wrote and died in poverty, but the simple beauty of her stories and the quiet music of her poems, ring as unmistakably true among the sensation-filled volumes of the modern book-market. It re-establishes

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faith in the ultimate goodness of human nature to observe how these simple stories outline all the brilliance of the more spectacular modes of writing. And the Story is always the same. It is the story of "Wuthering Heights," "Poor People," "The Way of All Flesh," "The Growth of the Soil." This kind of writing, red with the blood of life, and tasting of the salt of the earth, will always outlast the high-powered sensations of any age.

* * *

"Cavender's House," by Edwin Arlington Robinson, is a narrative poem dealing with love and doubt. Its opening lines insure the reading of the whole. They establish a mood of quietness and memory. Beautiful, weighted lines, restoring that sense of dignity of human life which the cynicism of the day tends to destroy.

"Into that house where no man went,
he went

Alone; and in that house where day
was night,

Midnight was like a darkness that had
fingers.

He felt them holding him as if time's
hands

Had found him, and he waited as one
waits

Hooded for death; and with no fear
to die."

D. H.

KELP DRAWING

"Waiting in the moonlight is the key for me . . ."

I ran through the pine woods,

Finding the sands of the beach.

I passed through waste places

Seeking the key.

Naked on the sands I found the sea . . .

As I plunged into the cold waves

Sea spume filled my breath,

Salt wave, moon beams filtering through the silken air,

The vast roar of the sea.

Gasping for breath, lungs filled with sea air,

I ran to the shore.

Drawn on the sand, just out of reach

Of the fingers of Ocean with one perfect piece of kelp

A line picture that filled my heart with beauty.

. . . as Whistler's 'Mother' might have been

(Sitting quietly in her youth;

Paused for an instant, head thrown back, listening,

A long chain dropping down to her feet

From her slim throat . . .

A contour of life

Etched for an instant by ocean,

Preserved to be swept out on the next tide.

And I knew this was the key,

Unlocking and illuminating the mystery

Of the beauty of night.

Myrtokleia Childe



linoleum block by eddie o'brien illustrating "Chaotic Thought" which is shortly to be published by the Carmel Press in a collection of verses by D. J. Liston called "Loose Ends."

CHAOTIC THOUGHT

Last night I dreamed:
That I was you
That you were me
And yet—
I was nothing at all
I was color
I was flame
I was death
I was life
I was, and yet
Nothing at all
You were a tree
I was the branch
You were the flower
I the fragrance
You were the rainbow
I the color
And yet
I was nothing, nothing at all
You were the body
I the breath
You the fire
I the heat
You were the sea
And I the waves
You were the light
And I the shadow
You the rug
I the pattern
You were flesh
I the feeling
You were everything
And I, I was nothing
Nothing at all.

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(continued from page 1)

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John Catlin

THE ROVER BOYS; OR LAND HO!

A Thrilling Epic of Sea and Science.

by

Commodore Prince
Yellow Tail Yacht Club

(continued from last week)

"No, I can't go," said the lad. "I have to stay with my grandmother. Well, this certainly softened our hearts. After staring at us and the boat for some time the young man arose and with a nonchalant, "So long, I have to see a sick friend," scrambled up the bank and disappeared.

We labelled him a heartless wretch. No ray of compassion for two weary voyagers left his heart even to the extent of one apple pie. Of, course, all along we were hoping that Mr. Flavin, the baron of that land, would discover our smoke, come down, and invite us to lunch. Well, pretty soon we got tired

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of waiting for Mr. Flavin and decided to get out to sea again.

The scientists showed us some ptene-phores which are very, very rare only they looked a little like boiled fish eyes. So Bob and I just winked at each other and suddenly diving into the hold we each brought up a fish. Then you should have heard the cheers for the Skipper and the crew. Well, we cheered them right back for being such good sports and not getting jealous. Then everybody shook hands all at once and we shouted one for all and all for one. It certainly is wonderful how these grave scientists can forget the dangers and cares of their calling. Then everybody began shouting, "Tell us a story, Frank; Tell us a story." Well by the time Frank got started, Mr. Stone had already told the story, so we all slapped Frank on the back and asked him for another. It was jolly.

And now it was time to start the long voyage home. The scientists elected to go in the ship around the horn. So we filled up the hold with equipment and what was left over had to go on the deck. By the time everybody was on board, there were six of us, or I can't count, and the gun'l was awash. We didn't care, the boat was so full that no water could get in anyhow.

Then they all wanted to fish—just like a lot of boys. Every hundred yards Frank caught a fish. The reel would fall off each time. Then we'd all laugh heartily. But right away someone would grab the reel, another the line, another the marlinspike, somebody else the sack, two or three others the fish, and I'll tell you whenever the fish didn't get away he was absolutely done for. Scientists know how to work together.

Well we kept catching fish like that until Frank was so ashamed that he blushed right through his tan. He really did. Pretty soon we had so many fish that no one could stand up on account of sliding on them. The fish were squawking and flapping and everybody was all wet and covered with fish scales. We were just about to give Frank or the fish or somebody a cheer when we came abreast of the great Lobos seal rookery. Mr. Stone took pictures of tiny babies, medium ones and a great bull sea lion which was easily as large as the davenport in your sitting room. They all began to dive into the water. Really it was the most marvelous sight. Can you imagine a jersey cow diving fifteen feet into the sea. I'll just bet you can't. Well that is what those great tawny seadogs reminded me of.

Well we finally arrived back in the harbour after a long voyage around the horn. It was nearly dark and we'd been gone all day. I can tell you we were all tired and glad to get home. We could just bearly give a last parting hurrah. And it was all the yacht could do to heave herself up onto her water line again.

THE END